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The Herald, January 10, 1891

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The Herald.

VOL. 11

CEDARVILLE, OHIO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1891

NO. 49

YOURS FOR 30 DAYS

Having decided to revise our entire stock preparatory to spring trade, we will until February 1st offer a sweeping reduction on all winter goods.

OUR STOCK OF CLOTHING

Must be closed OUT AT ONCE utterly regardless of cost.

Remember we guarantee our prices the LOWEST in the market.

STORMONT AND CO.

Mrs. K. B. Rader, of Springfield, is the guest of her parents at Cedarville, this week.

James Shroades, formerly of this place, is quite sick with sciatic rheumatism, at his home in Springfield.

The literary exercises held last Monday evening in District No. 2, was well attended and the exercises were well rendered. The paper read by Miss Effie Stormont was quite interesting. At the next meeting Monday evening January 19th a debate will be held, the question to be discussed being: "Resolved that the dish rag is more useful to the woman than the broom."

Georgie Charters who assisted the "Y's" in their recent entertainment was greatly disappointed to find the piano in the Opera House was so much out of tune, and she was unable to execute any of her difficult pieces, such as the Danube Waltzes, Kiss Waltz and many other difficult selections, in which her warbling and trilling are unparalleled. In the the pieces she presented no display of her whistling powers could be made, and we hope the good people of Cedarville will again have the pleasure of hearing this little prodigy. Miss Georgie is a genius and should be encouraged. She is very grateful for all honor shown her in Cedarville the home of her birthplace.

A letter received from Alabama gives pretty full particulars of the troubles at Catharine Station, that State, which resulted in Wm. Bruce, a quiet, peaceable young man from Xenia, who was engaged in business at the station, being obliged to leave, for no other reasons than that he was from the North, and that his competitor in business in the place was a Southerner. It seems that on Saturday afternoon, December 27, Bruce was told that a crowd of drunken men were in Wooten's store, next door to the Henderson & Bruce store, and were coming down to pick a fuss with him. Not paying any attention to the warning, he went on with his business. About two hours afterwards, while standing behind the counter, a drunken crowd of five men came in; one with a drawn knife in his hand came behind the counter and attacked Bruce, who picked up a gun and struck the fellow with it. A second man then made an attack, and was promptly knocked out in the same way; the third to come was an old man named Wooten. Bruce asked him to keep away, as he did not want to strike him, but when Wooten attacked him he struck him on the arm. Two or three men who were trading

in the store then came to the assistance of Mr. Bruce, who is a slight-built fellow and not overstrong, though nervy, and the crowd was finally dispersed. That night young Bruce was joined at Catharine Station by his cousin, Bruce Beveridge, also from Xenia and also a slight-built young fellow of about nineteen years of age. The two had no trouble that night, but Sabbath morning, when eating breakfast in a building a little distance from the store they saw two men armed with Winchester rifles, come out of the Wooten store, and one walked on past the Henderson & Bruce store, the intention evidently being to get the two Northern boys between two fires and cut them off from their own store when they approached it. But instead of going back to the store at once the two young men went to the depot, and the two men with Winchester rifles, not knowing where the boys were, going returned to the Wooten store, when Bruce and Beveridge started to return. They were stopped and told that William Bruce must make some explanation to the crowd for his conduct of the day before. He told the man who accosted him that he had no explanation to offer, but he thought an explanation was due him. At this point a man stepped out of the store and opened fire on the boys at once with his rifle. The two then drew revolvers and answered the fire, retreating from the crowd that was assembling to their store. Twelve shots in all were fired.

On Tuesday morning the committee waited on Bruce, and that night he deemed it prudent to take his departure. The same day another committee of twenty-five went to Granville Bennett, the colored postmaster, and with drawn revolvers compelled him to sign his resignation and drove him from the office. He then refused to touch the mail bags, and now every train throws off a pouch and they lay piled upon the platform, no persons having authority to touch them.

Fortunately no person was seriously injured during the trouble. A bullet from one of the revolvers in the hands of the boys is said to have struck one of the bullies in the shoulder, and if the lads had had Winchester rifles might have been one or two third-class funerals at the station or thereabouts.

Both these young men are well known here as peaceable, quiet, inoffensive individuals, who would make excellent citizens in any civilized community, and their treatment in the South, where they went several years since with the express purpose of keeping out of any trouble, avoiding poli-

tics and the polls, shows the intense hatred still existing in some parts of the South against any people from the North.

TRANSFERS OF REAL ESTATE.

Jesse Compton and heirs of Amos Compton, to Rebecca and Nancy Compton, quit claim to 14 a, Greene and Warren counties, \$1.

Rebecca, Nancy and Jesse Compton to heirs of Amos Compton, quit claim to 9.37 a, Spring Valley, \$1.

Rebecca and Nancy Compton et al to Jesse Compton, quit claim to 8.58 acres, Spring Valley, \$1.

Heirs of Amos Compton to Martha Compton, 9.37 a, Spring Valley, \$210.

Wash Covington to Patsey Johnson, tract of land and right of way, Yellow Springs, \$1.

Jacob D. Ary to Francis M. Harness, 31 1/2 a, Jefferson, \$1800.

Sheriff C. O. McFarland, 235.45 a, Silvercreek, \$11,678.

John Kay to F. E. McGervey, Deed of assignment.

John C. Thomas to James Thomas, 60 a, Silvercreek, \$1250.

Geo. W. Clark, admr, Andrew Winston, 1/2 a, Jamestown, \$210.

Auditor to Franklin Davis, 9.14 a, Bath, \$9.34.

James R. Dawson, trustee, to Elizabeth E. and Samuel B. Dawson and Susan C. McConnell, quit claim to 180 a, Sugar creek, \$1,256.

Theodore F. Cox to C. W. Kendig, lots 3 and 4, Cox's add. to Osborn, \$200.

Damou Q. Fox to John Zimmerman, lot 33, L & M's add. to Xenia, \$4,000.

Emanuel Hostetter to Sarah A. Hostetter, lots 7 and 45, Osborn, \$5,000.

Jacob Moody to Jacob Wishard, lot 7, Byron, \$200.

C. B. Wilkerson to Sarah A. Gerard, lot 48, C & B's add. to Jamestown, \$300.

Sheriff to David M. Spahr, 150 a, Beaver creek, \$2,000.

Sheriff to Jackson Holmes, 69.46 acres, Xenia, \$3473.

Greenup Smith et al to D. O. Dean, 80 a, and undivided half of 136 a, New Jasper, \$100.

Geo. E. Soward to Julia A. Soward, tract of land, Bellbrook, \$950.

Thomas Garner to Henry Garner, 18.61 a, Jefferson, \$680.

Sheriff to Rachel N. Tarbox, 1/2 a, Xenia, \$800.

J. F. Ford to Martin & Co., nearly 1/2 a, Jamestown, \$450.

WATCHES, CLOCKS

JEWELRY

REPAIRED NEATLY AND TO ORDER BY

C. A. HARRIS,

FIELDS' HOTEL,

CEDARVILLE, OHIO.

LOCALS.	
A complete stock of window glass at RIDGWAY'S.	Irish and Jersey Sweets Potatoes, at GRAY'S.
Tobacco and Cigars at W. R. Mc MILLAN'S.	The best flour in the land is found at ANDREW & BRO.
Sweet, spiced and sour pickles at GRAY'S.	Butter, Jersey, Milk and Oyster Crackers at GRAY'S.
I buy my window glass at KERR'S.	Custard pie pumpkin, mince meat pie, at GRAY'S.
A fine line line of Patent Medicines at RIDGWAY'S.	Skates! Skates! Skates! at ANDREW & BRO.
Tobacco and Cigars at GRAY'S.	See our new papatie at 25 cents, RIDGWAY.
Dried Apples, Peaches, Apricots and Prunes at GRAY'S.	Chipped Beef at W. R. Mc MILLAN'S.
Sorghum and Syrup Molasses at W. R. Mc MILLAN'S.	Two gold watches for sale at ANDREW BROS.
Fish at GRAY'S.	Flaked Pineapple, at GRAY'S.
Wood and Willow ware at GRAY'S.	Corn, Tomatoes, Beans, &c., at GRAY'S.
Honey at GRAY'S.	Call and see our new line of lamps, RIDGWAY.
Barbed and smooth wire at ANDREW & BRO.	Rolled Avena and Wheat, Oatmeal and Cracked Wheat, Farino and Parched Farinose, Pearl Barley, Granulated Hominy at GRAY'S.
Some very nice new combs at RIDGWAY'S.	NOTICE.
Buckwheat flour and pure maple molasses at GRAY'S.	Persons knowing themselves indebted to the undersigned will please call and settle at once by cash or bankable note, as all accounts on my books must be closed.
Avena, Oatmeal Cracked wheat Granulated Hominy Farino, Parched Farinose at GRAY'S.	C. W. CROUSE.
Sorghum, Syrup and New Orleans Molasses at GRAY'S.	All Persons knowing themselves indebted to Barr & Morton will please call and settle by January 1st, if not you will receive a statement of account.
Old Kentucky fine cut tobacco 40 cents per pound, at ANDREW BROS.	Notice of Settlement.
Sugar, Sea, Coffee, &c., at GRAY'S.	All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the undersigned, will find it to their advantage to call and settle before January 15, 1891, as interest will be charged on all over due accounts. Respectfully,
A new line of Hair Brushes, RIDGWAY.	C. L. CRAIN.
Choice white clover honey at GRAY'S.	Persons wishing stock in the Southern Building and Loan Association, of Huntsville, Alabama, and Cincinnati, Ohio, or any information concerning the Association, please call on E. L. Smith, county agent, or H. M. Stormont, treasurer, or J. H. McElroy, Sec'y.
Go to Dean & Barber's, for fresh meats of all kinds.	
Gloves, good stock, low prices. ANDREW & BRO.	
Beautiful and Elite Box Paper 25 Cents. RIDGWAY.	
Syrup and Molasses at GRAY'S.	
Cheese, Crackers and Ginger snaps at GRAY'S.	
Hard and Soft refined Sugars at GRAY'S.	
Highest market price paid for wheat at ANDREW & BRO.	

\$3000 A YOUNG man wishes to borrow money on a mortgage of his property. He has a good property in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, and is willing to pay a reasonable interest. He has a good character and is a reliable man. He has a good property in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, and is willing to pay a reasonable interest. He has a good character and is a reliable man. He has a good property in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, and is willing to pay a reasonable interest. He has a good character and is a reliable man.

The Cedarville Herald.

W. H. BLAIR, Publisher.

CEDARVILLE, OHIO.

AFRICA'S POPULATION.

Estimated Number of Inhabitants in the Dark Continent.

In a letter from Emin Pasha, written at Mpwapwa while on his way to the great lakes, he said the trade route from Zanzibar to Tanganyika, after being closed for two years by the war between the Germans and the Arabs, was open again. He was meeting thousands of carriers collected in large caravans, who were bearing a great quantity of ivory to the coast. The other day a dispatch announced that Tippoo Tib had started for Zanzibar with 7,000 porters loaded with ivory. This is undoubtedly the largest caravan that has ever traveled to the sea in the equatorial regions. For years Tippoo Tib's caravans have been the largest on the road between Central Africa and the coast, but his present expedition is at least twice as large as any he has hitherto dispatched from his ivory collecting grounds. The British trader, Mr. Stokes, awhile ago piloted a caravan of over 2,000 carriers to the coast. The increasing trade between Central Africa and Zanzibar is clearly shown by the fact that such caravans as these were unknown until within the last few years.

Now and then we are surprised by new testimony regarding the density of population in some parts of Africa. Captain Kling, who has been exploring the country behind the German protectorate of Togo on the coast of the Gulf of Guinea, has just reported his visit to Jerrapa, a hitherto unknown town. Suddenly coming within sight of it as he ascended a hill he says he was astonished to see the huts stretching away in straight lines as far as the eye could reach. During his stay he ascertained that the town contained at least 4,000 large huts, representing probably a population of 25,000 people. In two or three days' steaming up the Tchouapa river Grenfell and Von Francois counted in that remarkable region, which they were the first to visit, about 9,000 huts, scattered thickly over the hillsides and along the banks of the river. On the Mobangi river, north of the Congo, along the east and west routes farther south which Wissmann and Wolf followed, and in not a few other localities, equally remarkable reports of the density of population have been made.

Very wide estimates have been given by some explorers of the population of Africa. In the opinion of such conservative writers as Mr. Ravenstein, who does not accept the figures given by some travelers, the continent must contain at least 127,000,000 inhabitants. Strange as it seems, the population of Africa to the square mile is nearly as great as that of North America, and in some places, the French statisticians, make it even greater. Nearly half of our continent is practically uninhabited, while almost the whole of Africa, which is much larger than North America, is inhabited, even the Sahara desert has many thousands of residents. Owing to intertribal wars and the slave chase, it is believed the population of Africa is increasing very slowly, if at all.

The fact that Equatorial Africa is, for a torrid country, quite thickly peopled, seems to bear out the statements of many travelers that its climate is more endurable than that of most equatorial regions. The millions who live there are in striking contrast with the exceedingly sparse population of the great Amazon valley. The reason of this larger population is undoubtedly the fact that Equatorial Africa is for the most part an elevated plateau, while the Amazon valley lies only a few hundred feet above the level of the sea, until the foothills of the Cordilleras are reached.—N. Y. Sun.

MAKING ROME HOWL.

Table Speaking Is Easy and Very Fascinating Business.

"There is no more fascinating business," said a speech-maker the other day, "than that of speech-making, for it is easy to speechify, and anybody can do it by a little practice. Just rattle away. That's my style. And every time you do it you'll grow fonder of it. When your hearers cheer you at the opening, you'll feel proud. When they roar with laughter at your funny stories, you feel happy. When their faces are as grieved as you describe a harrowing scene, or when their eyes are moist as you grow pathetic, you'll show your superiority. When they appreciate the fine points you will smile with satisfaction. When they are thrilled by the electric burst of eloquence and break into thunderous applause, you'll stand on the platform like a conquering hero, and feel as if the sweet strains of the brass band that are overpowered by the general racket. It is a big thing to be a tip-top speechifier and make Rome howl."—Chicago Evening Journal.

A young lady residing in the far East has developed a most peculiar affection for kerosene oil. Its odor is a perfume to her, its taste delicious. She drinks one of two cups of it a day, lattes it in, and sips little rolls of paper in it to thrust in her work. "Kerosene" would be dangerous business for this girl of phenomenal appetite. But it is doubtful if a lover be found sufficiently fond of her to endure the perfume she revels in.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

BY THE MORNING LIGHT.

Oh, glad and red, the light of morn
Across the field of battle broke,
And showed the waste of trampled corn,
And smouldering farmsteads wrapped in smoke.

And cold and stark the soldier lay,
Shot down beside his shattered gun;
And grimly splashed with blood and clay,
His face looked ghastly in the sun.

Oh, glad and red, the morning shone
In happy England far away,
Where knelt a bright-haired little one
Beside her mother's knee to pray.
And promptly each fond, fathering word,
The soldier's wife was glad and smug;
She knew not 'twas a widow heard
The prattle of an orphan child.

Oh, glad and red, oh, glad and red
The morning light glowed everywhere;
And one beam touched the father dead,
And one the child who knelt in prayer;
And from the trampled corn and clay
A sickly smile sprang with joyous boast,
For shot and shell had spared that day
Its four brown eggs and little nest.

—William Canton, in Washington Post.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

The Appalling Situation of a Careless Artilleryman.

In the winter of 1862, the 9th Massachusetts battery, Captain John Bigelow, was stationed at Fort Ramsay, on Upton's Hill, Va. This was one of the chain of forts in the outer defense of Washington, and a sketch made at the time shows it to have been a well built, circular earthwork 150 feet in diameter, with embrasures for eleven guns. Part of these were empty. The others were occupied by the brass "Napoleons" of our battery.

Besides these, there were within its walls the tents of our Captain, and first officers, with guard tents, etc. In addition to these was the structure common to all large forts, the powder magazine, in this case of special importance to my story. Like most magazines, it was a deeply sunken cellar near the center of the fort, well drained, and lined with plank walls. Its roof was of heavy, squared oak logs, these covered with a mound of solid earth many feet thick, and rising high above the walls of the fort. The entrance to the magazine was through two doors—the outer one heavy, the inner of lighter material, but shutting very tightly. Leading down to these from the terrace plain or floor of the fort was cut a passageway, not in straight line, but zigzag, making what is known as a blind alley. The form will easily be seen to give the greatest safety against fires or an attack by shot or shell.

This magazine contained at the time between seven and eight tons of ammunition. To the description it may be added that it was built on the lawn in front of Mr. Upton's plantation residence, which at the time was the headquarters of General William Gurney of the Pennsylvania reserves, whose camp partly surrounded the fort. Our own camp lay in front of the gate, with our pack of wagons and stables, containing over one hundred and fifty horses.

We had been firing a little by way of practice the day before, and this morning the chests of our guns needed refilling. I was in charge of the ammunition of one piece, and, armed with a list of what was needed, sought the presence of the ordnance sergeant, who held the keys to the magazine. This officer had been unusually busy that morning and was now taking a late breakfast with the quartermaster. Like most hungry men, he was not overpleased to be disturbed, but my errand admitted of no delay, so he rose, and, taking his keys and an open candle stick, led the way to the door of the magazine. The regulations of his office required him to change his heavy riding-boots for slippers and also place the candle in a lantern, but, without doing either, he lighted the candle, threw open the inner door, and bidding me follow, this also against the rules, strode into the death-stored vault with no more precaution than a farmer would use in going into his root cellar. I went with him, amazed slightly, but without demur.

My requisition called for a number of cartridges, and when I obtained the supply my arms were filled with about fifty pounds of powder and iron, the mass well wrapped up in the long, fibrous packing-tow used in transportation. Taking the candle from the top of a box of ammunition, where it had rested during our stay, the sergeant hastily, and I fear, unduly moved by thoughts of breakfast, started before me to the magazine door. As he opened this a draught of air caught the flame of the candle, and, though I was fully two yards behind him, it streamed back, and some of the flying filaments of flax fell in its blaze.

In an instant the whole mass in my arms was in flames, and the sudden and awful glare lit up the dark vault as though lightning had pierced the roof. With his hand on the door, the sergeant turned his head; but all he could see was a mass of swirling fire. With a cry of horror he flung open the door and was out of sight. I was left to my own resources, with little time to utilize them. My first impulse was to throw the blazing mass on the floor. But my second thought decided against it. The whole floor was strewn with inflammable flax and paper cartridges, while around the stacks of ammunition boxes the ground was black with powder. My fiery burden would no sooner touch the floor than its flames would flash to every corner of the magazine. In it would not do Uncle Sam its proper service. On the other hand, could I but get my

flaming burden beyond the inner door it might explode comparatively harmless in the blind alley, and the service would lose only a few pounds of powder and a reckless artilleryman.

With this decision made, the distance to the inner door was soon passed; and I sprang up the steps and through it, kicking it shut as I went; then, with all the vigor of my arms I threw the blazing mass far up the dark alley, expecting nothing but that the shock would explode the whole. To my surprise, no explosion followed, and feeling that a chance might even be left for me, I sprang over the smoking heap with a bound that would have done very well in any athletic club, and placed myself at a safe distance on the floor of the fort. Here I waited a moment for the explosion, but none came. After a few moments I went to the mouth of the alley, and saw nothing but a mass of blackened cartridges and shells. The fire had all gone out.

Growing bolder, I stepped over it, and shut the outer door; then I looked at the singed cartridges in wonder to see by what chance they had been kept from exploding. These were, it may be explained to those who have not handled cannon eretridges, made of very thin, "sleazy" flannel, each bag containing between two and three pounds of coarse powder. These bags, tightly filled, were all blackened and charred, and some of them fell to pieces in my hands. How they escaped exploding amid all this is a question I myself have fled away without an answer. Taking the sergeant's candle, I went out to call this officer in regard to the lost ammunition required. To my surprise the entire camp was deserted.

The sergeant, in his flight, had cried out that the magazine was on fire, and all my comrades, flanked by most of the adjacent brigades, were standing on the surrounding hills, waiting to see the fort go up. Waving my cap to the boys, I took that the way was safe, I was going back through the gate, when my captain met me. He had been aroused by the stir in camp and came from his tent to see what was the matter. As I discovered later, my looks had suffered in the adventure, for my hair was burned off close to my cap, and my eyebrows were missing, and face and arms were scorched and blistered. Astonished, the captain asked the cause, which I told him, putting as good a face upon the matter as truth would allow. He was a strict disciplinarian, but a brave and kind officer, and though he could not but censure me for being even second in so great a breach of the rules of safety, he forgave me in consideration of the fact that of the two offenders, I had suffered the most, and had also done what I could to save the magazine. The warning of this escape was not lost, however, upon either the sergeant or myself, and we neither ever went again into a powder magazine with an open lighted candle.—N. Y. Press.

FUN FOR SOLDIERS.

An Incident of the Battle of Gettysburg.

We have heard different versions of what constituted fun, but we heard a new one the other day from an old soldier.

At Gettysburg, about the time of Pickett's charge, the rebel was stationed down toward the edge of the wheatfield, and he was sent out in charge of a squad to relieve the picket in a copse of woods.

Meeting the sergeant he was about to leave he asked him what his orders were. He was informed, and, among other things, the pickets were not to fire.

"Why," said the relieving sergeant, "they are firing right now. Why don't you stop them?"

"Oh, well, they are just having a little fun in there. The rebels have got possession of a stretch of stone wall and our boys swear they are going to take it away from them."

Our informant went in and soon he and his men were as deep in the "fun" as their predecessors, notwithstanding their orders not to fire. They kept it up, dodging behind trees and working around the woods until they got a flank fire, ran in on the stone wall and captured it. They had their fun and accomplished their object.—Westchester (Pa.) Record.

SCRAPS FOR SOLDIERS.

A SOLDIER'S monument is to be built at Orono, Me., by the local Grand Army post and Woman's Relief Corps.

GENERAL FRIEL, who has just been elected a member of the Federal Council of Switzerland, was formerly a private in an Illinois regiment and spent many months in Libby prison.

The members of Starvation Corps, W. R. C., Concord, N. H., are busy engaged in furnishing a library for the Soldiers' Home at Tilton, N. H. The corps has already received several creditable contributions.

CAPTAIN JOHN ANDERSON, who was buried recently in Brooklyn, was the master during the war of the well-known clipper, "Davy Crockett." It was under his command, it is said, that she established the record of 100 days between New York and San Francisco.

SENATOR-ELECT GORDON at the battle of Seven Pines received three bullet wounds, and at Antietam he got two bullets in the leg, one in the arm, one in the shoulder, and one in the right cheek. He also had a horse killed under him, the butt of his pistol smashed, his canteen pierced, and his coat torn with bullets.

IN WOMAN'S BEHALF.

"THEN AND NOW."

How the Condition of Woman has Improved in a Hundred Years.

If any creature on earth has reason for exultant, cheerful, heavenward-riding thankfulness, it is the modern woman. Never in all the world's history has she been so free from burdens, so exalted in privileges as to-day. This Nineteenth Century is the era of her coronation. To-day she stands queen of herself and of the world. In the palmy days of the "good old times" the only woman who was allowed any privileges or culture was the courtesan. The wife's home was a prison, and her hands alone were of value. Whether or not she had any brains, she was not permitted to discover, and this has held substantially true the world over, until the last hundred years, and the most convincing proof of this is the character of the books of the best society. You would not dare to read aloud in mixed society any book of the last century. Books were not made for women, and so whether they were decent or not was a small consideration.

Even the old preachers indulged in consciousness of language that would not now be permitted in a political language. Some of Martin Luther's sermons could not be read in a modern school. Swearing in the drawing-room, and in the "best society" was no uncommon thing ninety years ago. Even the ladies themselves not rarely indulged in it. Dean Ramsey tells an anecdote that will illustrate how it was regarded. A sister was speaking of her brother as much addicted to the habit, and she said: "Our John swears awful, and we try to correct him for it; but," she added, apologetically, "no doubt it is a great set-off to conversation." The "double-intendre" and indelicate allusions, such as now no respectable company would endure; were then quite common in mixed society. Eighty years ago eminent lawyers would use language in the court-room, in the presence of ladies, for which they would now be arrested by the sheriff. Then women were punished by being publicly whipped on the bare back. Prisoners in pillories were pelted with eggs, and jeered and taunted by the bystanders. The whipping post, the stocks, cropping and branding were common. It was no very rare sight to see a man and his wife, from the first society, sitting on the gallows for an hour, with ropes round their necks. And those who favor the harsher forms of punishment might profitably take notice of the fact that milder counsels, fewer crimes and the general elevation of society are invariably accompaniments of each other.

To be poor and insane then was worse than torture or death. The poor were "sold" at public auction; their board and keeping knocked down to the lowest bidder, who was left to treat them very much as he pleased. Alms-houses were almost unknown. The insane wife of a prosperous man was sometimes fastened in a room in the house, and kept there for years, her screams making hideous the public road on which he lived. The common school girl of to-day is better off, in all that makes life desirable than was any queen of 200 years ago. More comfort, more purity, more intelligence, more refinement, things worth having—these mark the advance of our social life. Never were houses so good, never was furniture so convenient and abundant, never was dress so comfortable and healthful, never manners so simple and sensible, never the means of all enjoyment and development so common and so universally accessible as to-day. And yet, in spite of these facts, there are large numbers of people perpetually bemoaning our degeneracy and sighing over the departure of the "good old times" of our early American life.

The reason of the present distressing state of affairs I heard explained not long ago. One man thought it was because the "good old doctrines" were nowadays not preached at all, and the men were equally sure that it was because they were preached all the time. Never was a grander fallacy than this whole idea. Never was more ignorance of the past displayed than by those who talk of the falling away of modern times. Never was the church so bright and fair as now, and never did the sky of the future redden with a more glorious promise of the coming day. In those good old times men lived under the horrid shadows of frightful superstitions. Now it is to modern science only that we owe our emancipation from the yoke of this awful tyranny. Scientific explorers have been over the earth, and finding no mouth of hell, that is gone. Science has explained earthquakes and volcanoes, and now devils light no longer in the bowels of the earth. Atina and Vesuvius are no longer vent-holes of the pit. Astronomy has shattered the follies of astrology; and people have found out that the stars are minding their own business instead of meddling with theirs; and eclipses, no longer moon swallowing monsters, are only very natural and well-behaved shadows.

Since psychology is studied, we know that witchcraft is folly, and insanity is only a disease to be treated and cured. This science—like a mother going upstairs to bed with her frightened boy—has been with her candle into all the old dark corners that used to make us creep and cringe and shiver with terror. Croakers always have had a special faculty for seeing "breakers ahead" and smooth water behind. But the sober

facts of history justify the statement that never was the ship of human hope in stancher trim, and never was a fairer, broader sea ahead. What then? Why, this: In spite of present ills, and difficulties, and corruptions, and disengagements, learn to see things as they are. How many a curse has this servile, unreasoning worship of the past fastened upon us! As if an evil that has stood a thousand years was not as abominable as one sprung up to-day! We ought, indeed, in church, society and State, to reverence the past as faithfully as to keep errors and fallacious systems simply because our ancestors endured them.—Minot J. Savage, in Arena.

MUST DECIDE FOR HIMSELF.

What Women Shall and Shall Not Study Can Not Be Arbitrarily Determined.

In some future age it may become possible to map out the whole field of human knowledge, and to say what part of it should be cultivated by one sex and what part by the other, writes J. G. Fitch in the Contemporary Review. But at present the materials for a decision do not exist, and any assumption that we are in a position to decide will serve only to make the future solution of the problem in a wise and satisfactory way more difficult. Meanwhile, women have a right to say to all in authority: "Make your own schemes of instruction and your tests of scholarship for men as perfect as you can. Devise as many new and effective forms of mental discipline and courses of instruction as you think can be wisely offered to men of various attitudes and careers; and then permit us, if we fulfill the same preliminary conditions, to exercise the same choice, and to avail ourselves of just so much of your system as we feel will be helpful to us. We do not want your ideal of a liberal education to be lowered or modified to suit us. But we want to know how far our own aims and achievements correspond to that ideal, and we ask leave to be measured by the recognized tests. Men will be helped in giving a wise and generous response to this appeal in just the proportion in which they view it in the light of their own personal history and experience. If a man who is destined, for example, to the law or the church, were to take up some subject, such as botany or chemistry, were to write a treatise on Grimm's law or on the fourth dimension, and any public authority were to interpose with a reminder that such studies had no relation to the proper business of his life, and ought therefore not to be pursued, he would regard such interference as impertinent. He would claim to be the best judge of his own interests.

In like manner we are not entitled to affirm respecting any one department of intellectual effort that it is unsuited to the nature or to the probable destiny of a woman. There is no kind of knowledge, if honestly acquired, which may not be available in unexpected ways for the enrichment and adornment of life, whether the life be that of a man or a woman. And even though the knowledge or power which is the product of a liberal education may seem to have no bearing at all upon the special business, or definite duties of a woman, yet if it be felt by its possessor to make life more full, more varied, and more interesting, and better worth living, no other justification is needed for placing the largest opportunities within her reach. She has a right to exercise a free choice and to solve the problem for herself.

NOTES FOR WOMEN READERS.

Mrs. HENRY DRAPER, now in Peru, is her husband's constant assistant in all his astronomical researches. She spends much of her time among the telescopes and photographic apparatus of the observatory.

The Pall Mall Gazette has the first woman attached as a general journalist to a London paper in the person of Miss Friedrichs, German by extraction and birth. She is a good linguist and invaluable on foreign service. She was the special correspondent for the paper at Berlin during the time of Prince Bismarck's resignation, and has only just returned from Heligoland.

It is not about time we ceased to apply to woman that misnomer of the "wencher sex." At least so far as their ability to take care of themselves is concerned. In Germany 5,500,000 women earn their living by industrial pursuits in England, 4,000,000; in France, 2,750,000; in Austria-Hungary, about the same, and in this country, including all occupations, over 2,700,000.

FRANZ SOPHIE SALVANTIS has written a treatise making a forcible appeal to German women to resist the tendency of woman's education to treat girls exclusively as future house-keepers and mothers. The writer argues that this is an injustice, since no one thinks of educating boys simply to be future householders and fathers. She insists that the modern system of educating women results in cramming women's individuality and in lowering the ideals of life.

Nor all society girls eat the bread of idleness. Miss Mildred Conway, only daughter of that favorite author, Moncure D. Conway, assists her father in his literary work, plays the piano like a professional performer, has so much dramatic ability as to have procured her good offers from the theatrical managers, and is one of the most faithful and zealous workers in the successful "College Settlement" in Rivington street, while, in addition to her gift of cleverness, her fairy godmother gave her a gypsy-like beauty and a charming voice.

TEMPERANCE.

HIGHLY-SE.

The Danger That

Spices and condiments, the cultivation of the hot, smarting, a craving for undigested, and for those who do not use spices and condiments. Good cooking, the digestibility, palatableness, ignores the matter adds a variety of render it still more unskilled preparation out them. The why high season temperance is in sense of taste, to us to add to for the practical instance, the useful, but enable without doing of music and may come to us hearing. But given to distinguish and unwholesome used for merely without debasing gross thing. A freer mands enjoyment: the sense of fast is coming down below it, for the creation teaches.

How widespread call upon a new freshments, as tings of life can petite. This education while When Johnnie the mother says you like?" ins wholesome food him to eat it an child to think what he likes or not. It is the puny becomes unwell and the step in toxicants in people imagin verted taste of eat that which how can we form when the them such had of eating and d the cultivat is a degradation Nature never should be dis effects of grati differ materia ing the high hearing. What same is true which may rea But what we t stomach, and briel pleasure of the palate alimentary cu fore it is final News.

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PRICE \$1.25 PER ANNUM.

Few people are so modest that they do not have stowed away, somewhere in their souls, a pet egotism. The pet egotism of Charles Wellsworth, of Snow Hill, Md., is his power to escape from durance vile. He cannot conceal his exultation when he contemplates the ease with which he can get on the outside of a jail. The sheriff thought he had Charlie fast the other day, but, going to his cell in the morning, he found he was gone. The fugitive was run down and captured, and, when recaged, said: "No trap was ever built that would hold me. The only way to keep me in here is to drive an iron bolt through my body into the floor, and it is doubtful if that would hold me." Yet in other departments of human activity Mr. Wellsworth conducts himself with humility.

B. G. Ridgway, the druggist desires to inform the public, that he is agent for the most successful preparation that has yet been produced for coughs, colds and croup. It will loosen and relieve a severe cold in less time than any other treatment. The article referred to is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is a medicine that has won fame and popularity on its merits and one that can always be depended upon. It is the only known remedy that will prevent croup. It must be tried to be appreciated. It is put up in 50cents and \$1 bottles. For sale by B. C. RIDGWAY.

-DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

CALL AND SEE GRADES AND PRICES.

A favorable impression is invariably created by the use of Jackson's Wild Cherry and Tar Syrup. Its great medicinal properties lie in its healing virtues. When the lungs become irritated and inflamed by a severe cold, or the nasal passages secrete a thin, watery fluid, and a heavy dull feeling is present in the forehead, then the mucous membrane is irritated, and it becomes a matter of great moment as to the remedies to be used, and employ, that may be at least powerless to impair that which they are inadequate to remedy. Jackson's Wild Cherry and Tar Syrup is no cheap preparation, but is made with a view of doing what we say it will. One dose will relieve the cold and irritation of the lungs or nasal passages, and one bottle will cure the worst cold. Price 25 and 50 cents. For sale by B. G. Ridgway.

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THE HERALD

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

SATURDAY, JAN. 10, 1891

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r

PRICE \$1.25 PER ANNUM.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Covenant Church.—Rev. T. C. Sprout, pastor. Regular services at 11:00 a. m.; Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m. R. P. Church.—Rev. J. E. Morton, pastor. Services at 11:00 a. m.; Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m. M. E. Church.—Rev. G. L. Taft, pastor. Preaching at 10:45 a. m.; Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.; class, 3:00 p. m.; Young People's meeting at 7:00 p. m.; prayer meeting Wednesday evening, at 7:00.

U. P. Church.—Rev. J. C. Warnock, pastor. Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m.

A. M. E. Church.—Rev. J. D. Jackson, pastor. Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.; Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m.; class, 7:00 p. m. each Friday.

Baptist Church.—Rev. D. M. Turner, pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.; Sabbath school at 2:00 o'clock p. m.; prayer meeting Wednesday night.

FESTIVE FIGAROS.

Hair-Dressing in View of the Public for Prizes.

The Wild Scene Witnessed at a Tonsorial Exhibition in Paris.—A Tremendous Row Caused by One of the Leading Competitors.

Before twenty-seven looking-glasses sat twenty-seven disheveled maidens, the glories of their toilets veiled by the familiar striped wrappers of the hairdresser's saloon, surrounded by hairpins, bandeaux, and—but why expose the secrets of the toilet? Enough to say that all was there necessary to the creation of a fashionable coiffure. Behind each stood a Figaro, expectant, tall-comb in hand, his snowy shirt-front and resplendent studs carefully protected by a silken kerchief, now executing value steps to the preliminary strains of the band, now combing the tresses before him to the same accompaniment. This odd scene, says a Paris letter in the New York Sun, was at the hall of the Society of Progress in Hairdressing, and it was the outset of a prize competition. The signal is given. With lightning fingers the competitors proceed to work. In a trice fringes that lately hung dank and straight assume a puffy appearance. The spectator can not fail to note the careful powdering of the model's face, for the electric light is trying, and observe how speedily a twist here, a curl there, and half a dozen skillfully placed pins add to feminine charms. It is all very serious. The "subjects" are models of gravity. Messrs. Louis, and Auguste, and Jacques, and Hippolyte indulge only in the facial contortions peculiar to their trade. Their young ladies and professional friends solemnly promenade to the music and await results with palpitating hearts.

"Gentlemen, the combs to the pockets," cries the president.

With a last pat here, a final fingering of the fringes, and a farewell adjustment of feathers and flowers, the competitors wheel off the wrappers and the twenty-seven half-gowned young ladies are revealed to us in all the glory of their elaborate coiffures.

"Gentlemen of the jury, will you do your duty?" is the stentorian command. It sounds as if they were trying a murder case. Ah! the solemnity of the moment! There is no conversation, the models cease, the excitement of the festive Figaros is alone manifested in their elevated eyebrows, uplifted shoulders and fierce mincing airs, working like the antennae of the lobster. The prize is only to him who shall obtain seven votes. But, alas and alack! no one gets this number. No. 25 gets six, No. 1 gets three; the remaining four are frittered away between other competitors. Again and again the gentlemen of the jury "do your duty," and just as twenty-three seems to have grasped the golden cross of honor a wild word misses hold of a diminutive, black-bearded individual, with a tall comb protruding from his pocket, uplifts his shoulder high, and No. 1, it is realized, is, after all, the lucky man.

Then a tremendous row ensues. The second prize has been handed to 25, but, with flashing eyes and a face whiter than sheeting below, he dashes it tragically to the floor, and with half-smothered yell, like a tiger balked of its prey, rushes at the unfortunate lady, whose tresses have served him in such good stead, and in another moment redness the coiffure he has created to ruin. A confused mass of hairpins, "swirls," martinez curls, and an empty saloon remains of what was once so done. To a man the festive Figaros pursue the baffled barber round the saloon, mad with greens and blues, expect him from that scene. The honor of the society has been outraged. A competitor and fellow-craftsman has made a sad exhibition of jealous rage and disappointment, and landed the so-

Meanwhile, hairpins and looking-glasses have been swept away, the floor is cleared, and the Gallic hairdresser certainly does not take his pleasures sadly, for in the refreshment-rooms where bottled stout and cigarettes appear to be most in request, the friends of luckless No. 25 and the successful No. 1 exhaust themselves in gesticulations and arguments, while the paucity of the funeral black-edged programmes lashes many into exhibitions of fury which frequently threaten to develop into pugilistic interludes. As the writer departs a procession of ladies, who have been brought with hair already dressed in various historical and fashionable styles, is in course of formation, and suggests the idea that the revolving waxen dummies have escaped from the various hairdressers' windows to take part in the revels. But the last impression of the "Grand Concours International and Hall" is of a haggard, ghastly apparition, hugging a brush and comb, a card-board box and a striped wrapper, and peering through the swing doors with wild eyes at the revels within. It was the fallen angel hovering around the gates of Paradise, the hapless No. 25.

An Humbled Visitor.

A traveler in Morocco tells, in "The Land of an African Sultan," the following story: "The Sultan, not long ago, discovered that one of his visitors was becoming too powerful. He therefore summoned him to tea, and complimented him on his great wealth. The visitor, becoming vain, boasted of the number of his houses, horses, wives, and slaves, and the Sultan rebuked him, saying that he was too rich and thought too much of himself. To show the man exactly what he was worth, his Majesty had him taken by soldiers to the slave-market, where he was put up for sale, and received only one bid of eightpence. He was then taken back to the Sultan, who said to him: 'Now you know your proper value—eightpence. Go home and ponder over it.' When the man reached home, however, he found that nearly all his property had been taken away by order of the Sultan. Only one small residence, one wife, one horse, and one slave had been left him."

A LORD'S LUNCHEON BILL.

Mailed at the Serbian Frontier Until It Was Paid.

This is a story boldly stolen from the Frankfurter Zeitung, which, says a foreign correspondent, shall not be deprived of its credit if I can help it.

"Lord Arlington," writes the Esquire correspondent of that journal to its editor, "left Buda-Pesth the other day in a special train with his daughters and servants for Constantinople. The restaurant-keeper of the Belgrade station was advised of my Lord's arrival by telegram, and, in accordance with orders given, served the party with a splendid repeat upon arrival. The luncheon was greatly enjoyed, but my Lord hesitated with the payment of the bill until the train well-nigh drew out of the station. Then Lord Arlington gave mine host just ten per cent. of the amount of the bill, remarking, with a pleasant smile, 'he knew very well that it was customary in Serbia to overcharge a foreigner at least ninety per cent.' The host was for a time flabbergasted, but finally recovered his presence of mind and telegraphed to the frontier guard at Pirot: 'The gentleman in the special train ran away without settling, and the train should not be allowed to leave the country until four hundred and fifty francs had been paid.'"

"This order was strictly executed," says the correspondent, "and Lord Arlington made to pay in full for the costliest luncheon he ever yet enjoyed."

BEGGARED BY GAMBLING.

An Immense Fortune Wasted at the Gaming Table.

In Moscow may be seen any day in the Koslo street a beggar who a few years ago was one of the richest men in the city, says the New York World. At his father's death he came into a fortune of 15,000,000 rubles (\$7,500,000). M. Tortsoff was not only endowed with wealth, but was very handsome and considered the best rider, dancer and fencer in the city. But riches and popularity produced one passion—that of gambling. Every night he spent playing cards for high stakes and every day in betting. In the course of one evening alone he lost the sum of 2,000,000 francs (\$400,000) to Graf Soberemetz. In a few years his entire fortune was squandered, and he now turned to his relations to support him, but the latter soon found that all the money they supplied him with went to the gaming table, and they decided to let him shift for himself. While Count Soberemetz lived he supplied him, from time to time, with sums of money, but after his death his heir refused to continue this practice and Tortsoff is now reduced to begging in the streets in order to obtain a few kopecks to buy bread. Sometimes one of his former grocers throws him a half rouble in passing and the unhappy man shuffles off to spend it in brandy.

Strong Law Documents.

A document was presented in a San Francisco court the other day requesting the removal of a police judge for running ball in a certain case. In it the magistrate was accused of having "railroaded" the party to jail, and of having "stepped in" with the police officer. A motion to strike the document from the record on account of the untruthfulness caused by the slang phrases was granted.

DESIRABLE SERVANTS.

Those with AMBITIONS Are the Most Trustable.

A lot of women were discussing the servant problem, says the New York Epoch, and one clever woman put forward an entirely new idea as the desirable requirements for a servant. "I have grown modest in late years," she said. "I no longer demand, as I used to, that my cook shall know how to cook, or that my waitress shall understand sewing—not at all. The one demand I do make in the servant who comes to me is that she shall have a grief. I advertise: 'Wanted, a cook with a grief—serviceable and warranted to last.' There's nothing that will make a woman so tractable and teachable as a grief. And, you see, a woman with an affliction doesn't want to be off nights like gay-hearted girls. She stays at home and nurses her sorrow and thinks up little things to do about the house meantime. Such a woman will accomplish a great amount of work. What kind of grief do I find most serviceable? A disappointment in love, if I treat it with deep consideration and respect, will last the longest—longer even than mourning for a dead husband. For widows, you know, are much like babies—they cry a good deal the first six months, then they begin to take notice, and they're very hard to bring through the second summer."

KANGAROOS FOR AMERICA.

A Project on Foot to Raise Them in This Country.

We are assured on what seems good authority, says the Helena (Mont.) Gazette, that the project of importing kangaroos into this country is seriously entertained by several enthusiastic and wealthy sportsmen of the West. The animals have been successfully acclimated in England and France, and we are assured that there is no reason why they should not thrive here. The practical extinction of the buffalo has left the plains without any big game of importance, and experienced sportsmen declare that hunting the kangaroo, as practiced in Australia, is second in excitement and interest only to killing the buffalo. The scheme is not without commercial importance. Kangaroo leather is a very valuable product and the animals breed rapidly. The promoters hope to be privileged to introduce the new game at the beginning of the warm season in the Yellowstone park, and so insure them for a few years' Government protection and immunity from senseless sportsmen.

Honey Bees Against Pigeons.

A novel contest of speed recently took place at Hamme, in Westphalia, pigeons and honey-bees being the contestants. The race was made on a wager that a dozen honey-bees liberated three miles from their hive would reach it in better time than a dozen pigeons would reach their cote from the same distance. The bees and pigeons were given wing at a village three miles from Hamme. The first bee finished a quarter of a minute before the first pigeon, and three other bees reached the goal before the second pigeon. The other contestants "finished in a bunch" a moment later.

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with neuralgia and rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold at B. G. Ridgway's Drugstore.

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can be earned at our NEW line of work, rapidly and honestly, by those who are willing to work, and in their own homes, without leaving their families. We have everything. We want you. No risk. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This is a perfectly new and entirely wonderful success to every worker. Beginners are earning from \$15 to \$50 per week and upwards, and soon after a field is opened. We can furnish you the employment and teach you FREE. No space to explain here. Full information FREE. Write us at once, at CLEVELAND, OHIO.

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Has in stock a fine line of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY and DIAMONDS!

The finest line of Optical Goods in Greene County. A Specialty made of Brazilian Pebble Spectacles in Gold, Silver and Steel frames. They confer a brilliancy and distinctness of vision, with an amount of ease and comfort, seldom enjoyed by spectacle wearers.

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They have a full line of all kinds of Furniture, such as Parlor Suits, Bed-Room Suits, Dressers, Burcaus, Book-Cases, all kinds of Beds, Chairs, Stands, Tables, Rockers, and everything found in a First class Furniture Store. Give them a call.

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A cordial invitation is extended to you to examine the elegant

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Poland-China Hogs



We have for this season's trade some large growthy pigs of both sexes. Prices to suit the times. Also 3 extra Short-Horn bull calves. Call on, or address as above.

OFFICE OF DITTOE & GALLIN,

Dealers in fine horses, Columbus, O. GENTLEMEN—Early last spring one of our horses was seriously injured by being kicked. Arabian Oil was recommended to us and we gave it a trial. The result was not only satisfactory, but surprising. The wound healed rapidly, and the animal was ready for use in a few days. Since that time we have by its use cured a number of cases of scratches and removed some bad cases of curb. Arabian Oil is undoubtedly the best general Sore Lintment that we ever used, and we advise Farmers and Horsemen to keep a supply of it in their stables at all times. Yours Respectfully, DITTOE & GALLIN. We offer \$100 for a case of Scratches. Arabian Oil will not cure. For sale by B. G. Ridgway.

PAN-HANDLE ROUTE.

Schedule in effect June 1, 1890.

Trains depart from Cedarville as follow

GOING WEST.

1 4:45 a. m. flag stop.

* 10:14 a. m.

* 5:31 p. m. flag stop.

GOING EAST.

* 8 a. m.

* 3:57 p. m.

SUNDAY.

The following trains stop on Sunday only.

EAST. WEST.

10:14 a. m. 4:17 p. m.

12:57 p. m. 4:26 a. m.

Time given above is Central Time.

[F]ag *Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

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BARBENT ORR BUILDING.

The Cedarville Herald.

W. H. BLAIR, Publisher.

CEDARVILLE, OHIO.

HOW MUCH ARE THEY WORTH?

"My friends," I said, "there lives a man whom greatly I admire. A man whose warm and tender heart glows with honest fire; a man who cheers all those he meets on life's dark, troubled way. And makes them for awhile forget the struggles of to-day. A man with look so bright and kind upon his pleasant face, 'Twould almost turn a cynic's mind to love the human race; A man—But here a friend exclaimed: 'We all admire him; But how much is he worth? I ask; oh, how much is he worth?'"

"I know another man," said I, becoming slightly hot, "who has more wisdom in his head than all of us have got. Who is a shrewd philosopher, a thinker far renowned. For solving weighty arguments and questions most profound. Has studied ancient sciences as well as later themes. Can tell you of the distant star that from its orbit gleams; In fact, my friends, I think that he's the wisest man on earth."

"But how much is he worth?" they asked; "Pray, how much is he worth?"

"There lives," I cried, my temper riled, "as beautiful a maid. As ever fringed her tawny bangs or swallowed lemonade. As over from her window gazed upon the rising moon. As ever on piano played a weird, romantic tune; She's wise as she's beautiful, as clever she's wise; The poets in our neighborhood do rave about her eyes. She has a winning way, my friends, as she is of noble birth. 'But how much is she worth?' they asked; 'Oh, how much is she worth?'"

—H. D. Muir, in Chicago Saturday Herald.

THE CARPENTER'S MATE.

Plotting for a Wife, and How It Succeeded.

Twenty years ago I commanded one of their vessels, the Norsman, of the old Alleworth line of Liverpool. She was in the East India trade at the time, and I was about to make my first voyage as master. I had been with her the previous voyage in the capacity of chief mate, and was more than pleased when the firm called me into their private office and offered me the command of the ship.

I had just been married, and it is needless to say that I accepted the firm's offer, at the same time arranging to have my wife accompany me on the voyage.

"I have a favor to ask of you, Captain Thornton," said Mr. Burlingame, the senior partner, when we were alone, "and I rely upon your honor to keep the matter confidential."

I bowed, and Mr. Burlingame went on:

"My daughter Evelyn has become infatuated with one of my clerks, and he has had the assurance to ask her hand in marriage. He has been dismissed from our employ, and I have seen nothing of him since. My daughter has taken the matter to heart, and I have decided to send her out with you on a voyage, in the hope that the change of scene and the companionship of your wife and yourself may bring back the roses to her cheek. Any thing you can do to assist in having her forget this wretched infatuation will be appreciated."

I had little faith in my ability to cause Miss Evelyn to forget her lover; besides, as I had just entered the married state myself, I could hardly be expected to sympathize with a plan for the separation of two loving hearts. But I promised to care for the shipowner's daughter as far as was in my power, and the interview terminated.

The following morning my wife and I went aboard the Norsman, which was lying at anchor in the Mersey. At nine o'clock Mr. Burlingame and his daughter came aboard. The latter was a handsome young lady of twenty-two years; but her sweet face was pale and sad, and, although she said nothing, it was evident that the thought of leaving home affected her deeply.

Farewells were over, the anchor was weighed, and Mr. Burlingame, after a parting grasp of the hand and a whispered admonition to "take good care of Evelyn," stepped aboard the tender and returned to shore. We were towed down the Mersey, crossed the bar, and dismissing our tug and pilot bore away toward the Cape of Good Hope.

After we were well under way all hands were called aft to choose watches. As the crowd filed by one of their number, a fine-looking young fellow, attracted my attention.

"Who is that young man?" I asked, pointing him out to Mr. Everson, my chief mate.

"Kenneth Gardner; he shipped as carpenter's mate," was the reply.

Just as the crew ranged themselves in a line, a little aft the mainmast, the ladies came on deck and walked forward to where I was standing.

As I turned to greet them I was startled by a scream from Miss Burlingame, and the next moment I was holding her limp form in my arms. She was at once taken below, and soon recovered consciousness, but could give no explanation of her fainting fit.

We were scarcely two weeks out before I noticed a great change in Miss

Burlingame. The roses had returned to her cheeks, and she seemed well pleased with her situation aboard the Norsman.

She went all over the ship, sometimes accompanied by my wife, and sometimes alone. Several times I noticed her in conversation with the carpenter's mate, and, my curiosity being aroused, I walked forward one day and got into conversation with him.

I found Gardner an intelligent fellow, possessing a surprising familiarity with the rules of navigation and all matters pertaining to the merchant marine. I thought it a little singular that a man of his intelligence and apparent ability had no better position than that of carpenter's mate on an English merchantman, and told him so.

His reply was that his limited resources had prevented his gratifying in any other way his passion for traveling and seeing the world. The explanation was not satisfactory, but a look into the handsome, manly face convinced me that whatever his reasons were for being on the Norsman in his present capacity, they did not concern me, and I asked him no further questions on the matter.

In due time we doubled the Cape of Good Hope, ran the eastings down, and crossing the Bay of Bengal, sighted one morning the low sandhills and later the flat, sandy coast at the mouth of the Hoogley. We took aboard a native pilot, and were soon lying at anchor at Garden Reach, about seven miles below Calcutta. I went ashore, accompanied by my wife and Miss Burlingame.

During the voyage the young lady had regained her health and spirits, and had become well acquainted with the carpenter's mate. While he took no liberties, I began to feel anxious about the matter, and regretted that the handsome youth was a member of my crew. I pitied the poor clerk left in old England, and meditated on the fickleness of woman.

At Calcutta we loaded a cargo of jute for Melbourne, and put to sea. On the morning of the sixth day out the barometer began to fall rapidly, and as the typhoon season was at hand I felt a little anxious, although there was no indication of danger in the clear sky and the light breeze which fanned the surface of the Indian ocean.

About two o'clock in the afternoon the sky to windward showed signs of a gathering storm. Professional pride told me to crowd on all sail so long as the wind continued fair, but experience whispered that the lives of the ship's crew, my wife and Miss Burlingame depended, to a great extent, upon my seamanship and good judgment. I considered the matter a few minutes, and then, summoning the chief mate, said:

"Mr. Everson, call all hands, take in the light sail, send down the studding-sail yards and booms, skysail, royal and topgallant yards fore and aft, and close reef the topsails and courses."

The mate, whose hair and beard were whitened by the ocean blasts of forty years, regarded me in surprise for a moment, then touched his cap and returned to the waist. I could see that the old salt doubted the advisability of the course I was pursuing.

The orders for shortening sail were rapidly executed, and in less than twenty minutes the Norsman was all snug fore and aft. In the meantime the horizon had become overcast with a heavy bank of copper-colored clouds; in the thirty years I have followed the sea I have never seen the elements arrayed in a more terrific line of battle than they were at 3:30 of the afternoon of September 15, 1869.

The hatches were carefully battened down and the watch sent below to secure what rest they might, while I paced the quarter-deck, restless and uneasy. The breeze gradually died out and a dead calm ensued.

The ladies came on deck and chafed me for shortening sail.

The barometer continued falling, and I again ordered all hands called. A line of foam was approaching on the starboard beam.

"Hard a port!"

"Hard a port, sir!" responded the helmsman.

I seized the trumpet and gave my orders.

"Haul up the courses."

The command was promptly executed, and the men started aloft to furl. They were too late.

"Down for your lives! Down!"

The tidal wave struck us on our port quarter, breaking over the poop-deck, accompanied by a fearful gust of wind. Away went our courses, and the topsails were literally blown from the bolt ropes.

I looked for the ladies, who had been standing on the quarter-deck. Merciful heavens! they had been washed overboard, and I saw their agonized faces half a ship's length to leeward.

With a yell to lower away the starboard boat I plunged into the sea. As I rose to the surface I heard a cool voice beside me.

"Cheer up, Cap, we'll save them sure." I glanced over my shoulder, and saw the carpenter's mate.

It seemed as though Providence had intervened in our behalf, for after the first terrible gust the wind had subsided. We reached the ladies, and looked around for the boat. It was coming, the crew pulling like demons, while in the sheets sat Everson, urging them to greater exertion.

By the time we returned to the ship the cyclone had broken upon us in all its fury, and for three days we drifted at the mercy of the storm.

On the morning of the fourth day the wind and sea went down; the damage to

the Norsman was quickly repaired, and we stood away for Melbourne.

Upon our arrival Kenneth Gardner asked for his discharge, which I could not well refuse him. After the papers had been filled out I took occasion to thank the young man warmly in behalf of Mr. Burlingame, and intimated that it would be to his advantage to return to Liverpool as soon as possible, giving him at the same time a letter of introduction to my employer, which contained a detailed description of the gallant conduct of Gardner in saving Miss Evelyn's life.

The ladies were ashore, stopping at the hotel, and I was to join them later in the day. I appeared about five o'clock. Mrs. Thornton was suffering from a headache, and Miss Burlingame had gone for a drive.

The young lady came in half an hour after, accompanied by Kenneth Gardner. After exchanging greetings, the latter placed in my hands a document. I opened it and was taken flat back at the contents. It was a certificate signed by a leading clergyman of Melbourne, stating that Hiram Holdsworth and Evelyn Burlingame had that day been united in marriage.

Of course I gave them my blessing; I couldn't help it. I believe I kissed the bride several times, and would have continued had not my wife objected.

The next thing was to inform Mr. Burlingame of the condition of affairs, and as gently as possible I broke the news that his discharged clerk had rather played it on the old man. I received his answer at San Francisco in the person of Captain Gregson, who had been sent out to relieve me of the command of the Norsman; but the agents of Burlingame & Co. were instructed to pay me a full year's salary.

Burlingame died of apoplexy, and as Evelyn was the only heir she inherited all of his vast wealth. To-day the firm of Hiram Holdsworth & Co. own more tonnage than any other in the United Kingdom.—Connell Taylor, in Boston Globe.

THE OCEAN CURE.

An English System for the Cure of Consumptives.

Though the sailing-vessel has gone out of fashion with travelers, it still has its uses and its peculiar excellencies. As a health-restorer, it certainly greatly surpasses the steamer, on which the passenger is hardly at sea in the fullest sense, since the steam-engines, the sight and smell of smoke, the stairways, the carpets and the easy-chairs continually take his senses back to the land.

Lately the use of the sailing-vessel as a means of bringing back health to certain classes of invalids, and particularly to consumptives, has become a regular system in England, and its results have been submitted to thorough and statistical study.

The "ocean cure" for consumptives is practised by English physicians in this way: the patient is ordered to embark at the end of the month of September on a sailing-vessel bound for Australia. Once past Cape Finisterre—for Europeans, in former times, the "end of the earth"—the traveler may see no land for two or three months. He is far at sea, with little to remind him of anything in his past life, breathing an atmosphere which is free from dust and smoke, and also free from any atmosphere on land from the microbes which often cause disease.

For the most part, he is in a kindly climate, and the slow progress of his vessel accustoms him gradually to such changes of air as he must undergo. He arrives in Australia in the summer of that latitude. Here he is advised to remain for a month or six weeks, and then to re-embark on a sailing vessel bound for England. Ordinarily he reaches England on his return in June, when the dangers to consumptives from the climate of that country are well-nigh past.

In fact of fifty-six cases of consumptives, in which this treatment was followed, and of which records were kept, forty-four reported marked improvement. In five cases the condition remained the same; in four it became worse, and only one patient died.—Youth's Companion.

The Baptes Settled Them.

An amusing incident recorded of "the Peninsula" war seems to prove that even the charms of our beautiful National baptes fail to soothe these savage beasts. It happened that while one of the Highland regiments was marching across a desolate part of Spain one of the pipers for some inexplicable reason found himself separated from his comrades. Halting on a lonely plain he sat down to eat his breakfast, when to his horror he saw wolves approaching. When they came very near he flung them all the food he had with him, fully conscious, however, that this meager meal would not stay their advance for many seconds. With the calmness of desperation he then said: "As ye've had the meat ye'll hae the music, too," and, thereupon he proceeded to "blow up his chanter." No sooner did his unwelcome guests hear the first "skirl" of the pipes than they turned in wild terror and fled as fast as their long legs would carry them. "Deil hae it!" said the piper; "had I thought ye were so fond of the music ye wad hae gotten it afore meat, instead o' after!" Then hungrily he went his way, not forgetting from time to time to blow a blast so wild and shrill as might effectually scare any prowling foe.—Temple Bar.

—Minor and Minor.—He—"My friend goes on the stage in minor parts." She—"And does he make a good minor?"—Yankee Blade.

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—No especial preparation is required to render flower-pots or other earthenware ready for decoration with oil paints. Any tint you desire for ground work can be mixed, using linseed oil as a medium. Paint your design in the usual way and, when dry, it may be varnished or not as you prefer.—N. Y. World.

—Caramel Pudding.—Brown one coffee cup dark brown sugar in skillet, do not put in any water, but stir constantly until brown, being careful not to burn it. To a quart of sweet milk add three tablespoons cornstarch, four eggs, one cup of white sugar, the browned sugar dissolved in a little milk. Boil together. When taken off the stove add tablespoon vanilla and put in molds set on ice and serve with whipped cream.—Detroit Free Press.

—Barbecued Shout.—Take a fore quarter of fat shout, make incisions between the ribs, and stuff with rich bread stuffing. Put in a pan with a pint of boiling salt water, to which add two heads of garlic, a little salt, pepper and butter; let bake until done. Season the gravy with a tablespoonful of currant jelly, mushroom, walnut and tomato catsup, then take up and lay in a dish. Serve with brown gravy and baked apples.—Farm and Fireside.

—Plain Boiled Pudding.—One cup sour milk or cream, one-half cup sugar or molasses, one-half cup butter melted, two and one-half cups flour, two teaspoonsful soda, a little salt. Mix sugar and butter and beat till very light. Stir in the cream and salt, make a hole in the flour and pour in the mixture. Stir down the flour until it is a smooth batter. Beat in soda water and boil at once, in a buttered mold, leaving room to swell. It should be done in one and one-half hours.—Yankee Blade.

—Salt Fish Chowder.—Shred up a pint bowl full of salt fish, and let it soak in cold water about two hours. Fry a few slices of salt pork the same as for clam chowder, and put in the bottom of your kettle, then about three pints of sliced potatoes, three sliced onions and one pint of bread crumbs, sprinkle with one-half teaspoonful of black pepper, and add hot water enough to cover; boil until the potatoes are soft, then add one pint of milk and let it boil up once, and it is ready to serve. If the fish and pork do not make it salt enough season to your taste.—Boston Budget.

—Mince Pies.—Two pounds of currants, one pound of beef suet, one pound of raisins, one and one-half pounds of brown sugar, one pound of lean beef boiled, three pounds of peeled and chopped apples, juice of two lemons, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg and allspice; chop the meat and suet very fine, stone and chop the raisins, mix all the ingredients together, adding spice last, and two glasses of vinegar; line pie plates with good paste, wet the edges put in mince meat, cover, wash the top with beaten egg, bake in a quick oven.—Boston Herald.

NEW STYLES IN HATS.

A Number of the More Popular Shapes and the Trimmings Used.

"Capoline" is a term applied to a fashionable form of a hat made in soft felt, which can be twisted into any shape. A great many have beaver edges and low black crowns, while others are of perfectly plain felt. A silk crinkled crown with plush brim, and others more unique in shape, have the raised crowns quite at the back, the brims standing out well in front, and often made entirely of beaver, while the crown remains of plain felt. Some untrimmed hats have the brims covered with ostrich feathers, others again have just a narrow band of feathers at the edge of the brim. The "Capoline" felt hats are twisted into every imaginable shape and form, the newest trimming being tall tails, but far more general is the ostrich feather, for which the demand is so great that the price has considerably gone up—especially for the Liliputian tips, which are not only placed around the crowns but border the brims. Cocks' plumes trim many of the new hats, and are accompanied by bands of the same feather and muffs trimmed to match. Cloth is universally used for millinery purposes, plaited for crowns, which often show an applied bird on the center and fur or beaver edges.

The varieties of modes in which the broad brims can be twisted are really endless and a distinctive class is of felt with a crown of hatters' silk, which means the same material as is used for men's high hats. In regard to the hats with close brims, the Spanish element prevails. The "Carmon," for example, in felt, has the all-round brim turned up almost as high as the crown, and visible beneath it two folds of soft red silk like the handkerchiefs which the matadors wear. The trimmings are of velvet and three soft, silk pompons. The so-called "Matador" shape has the brim stitched in four rows, or covered with a net-work of chenille, with a pointed crown, adorned with pompons of silk or feathers. The "Valrose" is another Spanish hat with the brim not so close to the crown, which is rounding on top.

The fan-shaped bonnet, formed of organ-plats in velvet or cloth, with jetted borderings, are in favor, and so is the new heart-shaped bonnet. Leather trimmings are used and a great deal of jet. One pretty device is a jetted owl's head, placed immediately over the center of the forehead, but as a general rule the trimmings are all massed at the back on the crown of the head.—N. Y. World.

WEATHER-VANE TOWN.

A New Hampshire Village Where Quaint Wind Indicators Abound.

There is a tiny village in New Hampshire which takes special pride in its weather-vanes, and it certainly can boast a great variety of ingeniously contrived and weather-and-wind-proof specimens of these useful articles.

They were evidently designed not only for use, but for ornament, and there is scarcely a barn of any size which is not decorated with a weather-vane of a more or less complicated workmanship.

Most of these vanes were made many years ago by an old man who took great delight in carving the queer figures and planning their arrangement so they would go through various motions. It is said that he was in the habit of "trying" a figure, when he had completed it, on his own barn, and then when he became satisfied that it worked properly, he would carry it with great pride to the farmer who had ordered it.

There is one which still stands guard over a barn that has long since been deserted by its owners, who have left the lonely farm to seek their fortunes at the West. It is the figure of a soldier, whose uniform is greatly faded from years of exposure, but whose gun still indicates the quarter from which the wind is blowing by its position. Its evolutions when the wind is, as the weather-wise farmers say, "backing or hauling," are quite interesting.

There are animals of different kinds, such as cows, horses, pigs and bears, which are used as vane-figures, and point with their heads, legs, or tails as the case may be. One figure of a horse, which has long since left its best days behind it, presents a startling effect from the fact that a horse-hair tail has been inserted in place of the old wooden one, and being of a length quite out of proportion to the horse's size, it sometimes, in a high wind, lashes the poor animal's head in a most uncanny way.—Youth's Companion.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CUNNINGHAM & Co., Props, Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. CUNNINGHAM for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Texas, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Wadsworth, Kinnear & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials from Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

It is women as are sweet as they would like to have the men think they are, why is it that they have such a keen fondness for confectionery?—Somerville Journal.

Playing Cards.

You can obtain a pack of best quality playing cards by sending fifteen cents in postage to P. S. Enstis, Gen'l Pass Ag't, C. B. & Co. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

LADY writes at the end of a letter to a friend: "Now, I must conclude, for my feet are so cold that I can hardly hold my pen."—Pick Me Up.

If you are tired taking the large old-fashioned gripping pills, try Carter's Little Liver Pills and take some comfort. A man can't stand everything. One pill does it. Try them.

THE man who doesn't think his baby is the prize baby hasn't got any baby.—Binghamton Leader.

AN EXTENDED POPULARITY. Brown's Bronchial Trochies have for many years been the most popular article in use for relieving Coughs and Throat troubles.

The color line, as applied to the sugar problem, is a matter of refinement.—Hutchinson News.

Your Worst Enemy

Is that scrofulous humor in your blood which manifests itself in sores every time the skin is scratched or broken, or in hives, pimples, boils, and other eruptions, causes all these, or breaks out in occasional or continuous running sores. Get rid of it at Once, or some time when your system is weak it will become your master. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy which will purify your blood, expel all trace of disease and give you strength.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

SALVATION OIL

Dr. Burt's Cough Syrup will cure you.

MOTHERS' FRIEND

MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY

IF USED BEFORE CONFINEMENT. BOOK TO "MOTHERS' FRIEND" FREE. BRANFORD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY, BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders. "With a Grain of Salt" but sold for 25 Cents. BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MY AFFAIRS.

Oh, I pass her by As I hurry on my way To that dreary Where I have to go. It is usually so. For a slave like

She has love's eye Which she lets w Full in masses Though contempt Of her tresses she Nor to admit!

She's a true artist One can easily see From her haug From her coing From the coing In a calm and

She's wealthy From the jewels From the rich Winter's chill of Still her raimen What's her se

Sometimes I'm Captive to a son Like the prin Of I see a stout Prowling there With most cer

Then in fancy I'm The knight And to be her And the thought While on cusin In the dinsty

Then recalled I I was once All these day She's here, I a Used for show But the "aw" —Ha—

A HAPPY Mr. Ford's Pic ful

dear one, and and pinching. It was the pi thudism—his untried lands, years, but old dom of exper sure of unlin this brave lo farewell. She her tears.

"But it wi three, before away from hi her grief.

Lawrence I in his arms a eyes as only "I must g You will be will wait fo you?"

"How can will live on you are gon How shall I know you You will v Larry?"

"Yes, darl lonely hours ure."

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THE TOWN.

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Lewell, Mass

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RIEND

WITH EASY

PHARMACY.

ATLANTA, GA.

PILLS

THAT WILL

THAT

MY AFFINITY.

Oh, I pass her every day
As I hurry on my way
To that dreary place, the shop,
Where I have to be at eight.
It is usually too late
For a slave like me to stop.

She has lovely yellow hair,
Which she lets with curls air
Fall in masses unconfined.
Though contemptuous of the crowd,
Of her tresses she is proud
Nor to admiration blind.

She's a true aristocrat;
One can easily see that
From her haughty, high-born air,
From her curled lips and nose,
From the coldness that she throws,
In a calm and placid stare.

She is wealthy; that appears
From the jewels in her ears;
From the richness of her dress,
Winter's chill or summer's flame,
Still her raiment is the same.
What's her secret? Who can guess?

Sometimes I imagine her
Captured to a sorcerer,
Like the princess in books.
Oh! I see a stout old man,
Proving there, the girl to scorn
With most critical of looks.

Then in fancy I infer
I'm the knight to rescue her
And to be her bridegroom gay;
And the thought makes me elate
While on customers I wait
In the dingy shop all day.

Then recalled to common sense,
I with self-contempt intense
All these day-dreams overthrow.
She's real, I am aware,
Used for showing of false hair,
But the "jewels" girl I know.
—Harry B. Smith, in America.

A HAPPY DENOUEMENT.

Mr. Ford's Plot, and Its Success-
ful Conclusion.

IT IS a land of
gold, Ella! We
shall be fam-
ously rich one
of these days.
Surely, darling,
you will not
hinder me when
my going means
so much to both of
us!"

The speaker was a
tall young fellow
whose flushed face and
earnest manner showed
how much depended on his
sweetheart's answer.

"I shall come back rich,
dear one, and then—no more waiting
and pinching, and starving for us!"

It was the picture wrought by his en-
thusiasm—his belief in the resources of
untrodden lands, and the girl, younger in
years, but older in wisdom—the wis-
dom of experience, could not feel so
sure of unlimited prosperity as did
this brave lover, waiting to bid her
farewell. She looked up bravely through
her tears.

"But it will be two years, may be
three, before we shall see each other
again, Larry!" and she turned her face
away from him that he might not see
her grief.

Lawrence Rogers took the slight form
in his arms and dried the tear-wet blue
eyes as only a lover can.

"I must go! There is no other way.
You will be true to me, dear? You
will wait for me till I come back to you?"

"How can you ask me?" she cries. "I
will live on the thought of you while
you are gone. Ah! The long voyage.
How shall I endure the suspense till I
know you are safely in Australia?
You will write to me often—often,
Larry?"

"Yes, darling, and we shall spend our
lonely hours planning our bright fu-
ture."

He is gone, and Ella Winchell is left
to the scant consolation which her fam-
ily affords. Her parents have opposed
her engagement from the first.
Lawrence is poor, and the Winchells
have been really poorer than they have
seemed to be for many years, for Robert
Winchell has been a man to whom the
future holds out golden promises which
the present never fulfills. He is now



THE PARTING.

deep in a new enterprise which he
thinks will be successful. The outlook
has been dreary for Ella, especially of
late, when she has had another suitor,
old and rich, James Ford by name.

He is a kind-hearted man who has
been a bachelor all his life and has
fallen into the habit of spending an
evening now and then with Robert
Winchell, the friend of his boyhood. He
has not seen how matters are going on
between Lawrence and Ella, but has
learned that the girl's fresh beauty and
brave, winning manner are fast becom-

ing greater attractions than the com-
panionship of his old friend.

At first Lawrence's letters were full
of hope, and Ella felt that the time was
not far off when she could be mistress
of her own home and no longer sub-
jected to insinuations against her lover.

Only a year had passed since
Lawrence's departure when every-
thing was swept away from them. Mr.
Winchell's business had failed from
lack of management, and the scheme
for which he had neglected it having
failed long before, the family was left
absolutely penniless.

Then James Ford showed his friend-
ship for the distressed family. When
they feebly remonstrated, he said:

"What in the world can I do with my
money, unless I endow an orphan
asylum or an old women's home?" But
he looked rather wistfully at Ella as he
said it, hoping for some encouragement
in her face.

About this time young Roger's letters
grew more and more despondent in tone,
and at last he declared that he should
not write again until his luck had
turned. It was a cruel thing to do, but
he knew nothing of her home surround-
ings, for she had not written, thinking
to discourage him.

The morning after she had received
this letter her mother came to her with
a worn look in her eyes.

"Ella!" she said, "your father is part-
ing with the money which Mr. Ford has
supplied him as rapidly as he did with
his own. He is sure that he will suc-
ceed this time, but I have little hope,
my child. Why can you not end all of
this poverty and suspense? We have
done a great deal for you, and this is a
poor return to make. Mr. Ford wishes
to make you his wife. Lawrence will
never come back for you; he is tired of
you already, or he would continue to
write. You do not know the value of
money or you would not refuse so good
an offer. You can not find a kinder
man than James Ford, nor a more gen-
erous one."

When her mother was gone Ella threw
herself on her bed and cried as if her
heart would break. She did not be-
lieve that Lawrence had ceased to love
her, but which way did duty lie?
Should she sit by helplessly and see her
parents ground down to worse poverty
than they had ever known? Oh, it was
hard—hard.

She dried her eyes and resolved never
to give up her lover. Surely she could
not be required to forego all hope of
happiness for money!

"Ah!" she thought bitterly, "I do not
wonder that the world is a sad one if
people are called upon to make such

sacrifices! But I never shall give him
up! He will come back a rich man in
a few years, and we shall all be happy."

But the coming poverty, the depen-
dence on the friend she would not mar-
ry, were continually before her, and at
the end of the week she went down into
the little parlor to meet the man who
was so blind to her unpopularity.

"I hardly dared hope you would be so
kind," he said, coming forward eagerly,
to meet her. He took her hands in his.
"You will be my wife?" he asked.

"I will leave you to decide that," she
said gently, "after I have told you my
story."

He regarded her questioningly.

"I have only the love of a friend to
offer you," she said, and then she told
him the whole story.

He was silent a long time. Then he
said: "I am glad that you began by being
honest with me. I should like, for the
sake of the rest, to make you my wife
as soon as possible."

As he took her hand at parting, she
saw that he was quite pale. When she
saw him again he seemed more quiet
than usual, and stayed only a few mo-
ments. Before he went away he took
her hand in his and looked at her for a
moment.

"Suppose Rogers should come back,
expecting to claim you! Do you not
think it would be a little hard on him?"

She grew very white, and when she
could command her voice she said: "I
will write to him."

"Then you have not written?"

"No! I could—did not."

Mr. Ford saw the hesitation, and did
not renew the subject.

Ella would lend no hand to the prepa-
rations for the wedding which were
rapidly going forward. "It is such a
mockery!" she thought, "and I will be
free while I can."

She saw little of her middle-aged
lover, for business took him away dur-
ing the few weeks that intervened be-
fore the wedding. Ella grew paler and
thinner daily. Not that she took the

matter much to heart; indeed, she
seemed to have no emotions, to be capa-
ble of no feeling. But at night she
would dream of Lawrence. He had re-
turned, happy in the prospect of mak-
ing her his wife, and found that she
could never be his; or she would see
him dead beside her, sometimes he
seemed to be pleading with her, urging
her to come to him. But she would
wake as listless and indifferent as be-
fore.

The morning of her wedding day
dawned clear and bright. To her it
was not a symbol of happiness. She
kept to her room till the hour drew
near; once she heard a voice that sound-
ed like—no, not it could not be. But
she wished she had not heard it. It
woke the old memories in her heart
more fully than she cared to realize.

When she was dressed, she went with
her mother to the sitting-room at the
head of the stairs where Mr. Ford was
waiting for her. She was surprised to
see how pale he grew as she entered.
He did not offer to take her hands, but
regarded her with grave eyes. At last
he spoke:

"Dear child! I wish you all happi-
ness!" he said.

She looked at him in surprise. It was
not his words so much as his manner
that surprised her. He came up to her
and took her hands in his own.

"Dear child!" he said, "I wish you all
the happiness in the world." His face
relaxed into a smile as he watched her
bewilderment. "And I think," he
added, "that it will be yours."

He dropped her hands and called:
"Come Rogers!" and as she saw her folded
in Lawrence Rogers' arms, he slipped
out of the room and left them to their
happiness.

He had no other plan than this, since
she told him her story. He had made
Lawrence a rich man and thus quieted
her parents' objections, and he stoutly
declared to Mrs. Lawrence Rogers that
himself and Lawrence are equally
happy.—Mattie Campbell, in Yankee
Blade.

HEROES OF THE SEA.

Noble Americans Who Have Won Renown
in Our Navy.

The story of the American navy is an
inexhaustible fountain of inspiration.
No page in the history of the race is
brighter than that which tells of the
deeds wrought to sustain the primacy
of "Columbia" as the "gem of the
ocean." England, long the mistress of
the seas, can not, in the interval since
the uprising of the colonies, show a
braver record. Wherever the British
drumbeat is heard are celebrated the
glories of Trafalgar and the Nile, and
the Baltic and a thousand other vic-
tories. But who shall say that any of
these surpassed the valorous achieve-
ments of our second conflict with the
mother country, when she was taught,
for the first time, that Britannia did not
necessarily rule the wave? We have
only, in justification, to point to "Old
Ironsides," to gallant Lawrence in the
Chesapeake, to Perry on Lake Erie, to
Macdonough on Lake Champlain, and
to the American privateers which in
1812-15 swept the Atlantic free of En-
glish commerce. Passing to a later day
we recall the lesson taught by Decatur
on the Barbary coast and the admoni-
tion conveyed to the Mexicans at Vera
Cruz. And what combat shall furnish
the parallel to the work of the navy in
the civil war? Its triumphs adorn the
proudest places in American history.

What emotions well up as the eye re-
verts to marvelous strides taken by
"Uncle Sam's web feet," as it traces the
establishment of a three thousand-mile
blockade; the victory in Hampton
Roads; the energy and fidelity of Du-
pont and Dahlgren at Charleston; the
services of grand old Foote and Porter
and Walke on "inland river and broad
bayou"; the mad assaults of poor Jack at
Sumter and Fisher; the exploits of Cush-
ing and the Albatross; the memorable
duel of the Alabama and Kearsarge off
Cherbourg; and, above all, the heroic
performances of the great admiral at
New Orleans and in the momentous en-
counter off Mobile Bay? These and a
hundred other passages appeal irresist-
ibly to the imagination, the memory
and the gratitude of every American
citizen worthy of the name. They are
an appropriate basis from which to sur-
vey the prospects of the American naval
future.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Tight Collars.

A chapter might be written on the
deleterious effects of tight collars, and
especially that variety which projects
stiffly beneath the neck, to the manifest
discomfort of the wearer and the
amusement of beholders. By compress-
ing the veins they, of course, interfere
with the return of blood from the head,
and thereby promote red noses and
pimpled faces, against which all the cos-
metic lotions in the world are of no
avail so long as the mechanical cause is
allowed to remain. Tight collars are
even accused—and with some show of
reason—of causing serious defects of
the visual apparatus, due to heightened
blood pressure, arising from the artificial
impediment to the blood-flow at the
root of the neck. We should not be
surprised to find that these execrable
contrivances were also responsible for
watery eyes, pendant lips and the gen-
eral vacuousness of expression which
usually characterizes the physiognomy
of their wearers.—Hospital Gazette.

A Copartnership.

Hoffman Howes.—Ya-as, dear boy,
Howell Gibson and I have decided to
waive a mustache.

Jack Mallot.—Indeed! Well, you're
doing first-rate with your hair.—Puck.

HOW HIS MOTHER MANAGED

An Example Which a Dutiful Son's Sweet-
heart Didn't Care to Follow.

"You see how it is, my dear," he said,
taking her soft hand which had never
done very hard work, and patting it re-
assuringly. "I'm poor—only a thousand
a year, dear—and we shall have a strug-
gle to get along at first."

"I don't mind that in the least," she
interrupted, stoutly, rubbing her cheek
softly against his hand.

"And," he pursued, graciously having
allowed her interruption—"we shall
have to come down to strict economy.
But if you can only manage as my
mother does we shall pull through
nicely."

"And how does your mother manage,
dear?" she asked, smiling—but very
happy—at the notion of the mother-in-
law cropping out already.

"I don't know," replied the lover,
radiantly, "but she always manages to
have every thing neat and cheerful, and
something delicious to eat, and she does
it all herself, you know! So that we al-
ways get along beautifully, and make
both ends meet, and father and I still
have plenty of spending money. You
see when a woman is always hiring her
laundry-work done, and her gowns and
bonnets made, and her scrubbing and
stove blacking done, and all that sort of
thing—why, it just walks into a man's
income and takes his breath away."

The young woman looked for a mo-
ment as if her breath also were inhaled
for a vacation; but she wisely concealed
her dismay; and, being one of the stout-
hearted of earth, she determined to
learn a few things of John's mother, so
she went to her house for a long visit
the very next day. Upon the termina-
tion of this visit, one fine morning
John received, to his blank amazement,
a little package containing his engage-
ment ring, accompanied by the follow-
ing letter:

"I have learned how your mother
manages, and I am going to ex-
plain it to you, since you confessed
you didn't know. I find that she
is a wife, a mother, a housekeeper,
a business manager, a hired girl, a
laundress, a seamstress, a mender and
patcher, a dairy maid, a cook, a
nurse, a kitchen garden and a
general slave for a family of five. She
works from five in the morning till ten
at night; and I almost wept when I
kissed her hand—it was so hard and
wrinkled and corded and unkindled!

When I saw her polishing the
stoves, carrying big buckets of
water and great armfuls of wood,
often splitting the latter, I asked
her why John didn't do such
things for her. John! she repeated
John!—and she sat down with a per-
fectly dazed look, as if I had asked her
why the angels didn't come and scrub
for her. Why—John!—she said, in a
trembling, bewildered way—he works
in the office from nine until four, you
know, and when he comes home he is
very tired; or else—or else—he goes
down town. Now, I have become
strongly imbued with the conviction
that I do not care to be so good a man-
ager as your mother. If the wife must
do all sorts of drudgery, so must the
husband; if she must cook, he must
saw the wood; if she must scrub, he
must carry the water; if she must make
butter, he must milk the cows. You
have allowed your mother to do every
thing, and all you have to say of her is
that she is an 'excellent manager.' I
do not care for such a reputation, un-
less my husband earns the name also;
and, judging from your lack of consid-
eration for your mother, I am quite sure
you are not the man I thought you were,
or whom I would care to marry. As the
son is, the husband is, is a safe and
happy rule to follow."

So the letter closed, and John ponder-
ed; and he is pondering yet.—Iowa
State Register.

TRAPPING BEAVER.

The Strange Faculty Possessed By the Lit-
tle Animals.

The animal, says a well known trapper,
has the most acute sense of smell of
any animal that exists. In setting the
traps you must wait till low water, in
order to have the tide when it comes in
obliterate all traces of your presence.

When a beaver is caught in a trap the
other beavers at once enable him to
make good his escape by selling him by
the tail and hauling him away until
they release him, often leaving the
humb in the trap as an evidence of the
struggle that ensued. He caught a
beaver last winter on Puget island, and
says that it only had two toes on a hind
foot, the other three legs being ampu-
tated as close to the body as if the
limbs had never existed.

There is one faculty the beaver pos-
sesses that would be a profitable and
interesting study for scientific men,
and that is the power of making objects
adhere to the bottom of a stream without
any apparent means of securing them.

The beaver lives mostly on wood, which
it cuts and deposits on the bottom,
where it remains, contrary to the
natural laws, which would in ordinary
cases cause the wood to rise to the sur-
face. How this is accomplished it is
difficult to decide, but it is nevertheless
a fact. Beaver trapping pays well
where any considerable number can be
caught, the average price of the furs
being from \$3.50 to \$5 per pound.—
Cathlamet Gazette.

A Feet-Will.

"Well, your rich uncle died, I hear?"
"Yes."
"I understand his estate was divided
between you and your brother?"
"Yes, Jim got the assets and I got the
liabilities."—Munsey's Weekly.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—The last words of James Lillie, the
ball player, who died in Kansas City re-
cently were: "I'm afraid that it's three
strikes and out."

—Habitual drunkards, it appears,
have always their pet idiosyncrasies.
One woman was in prison 107 times in
eleven years for smashing windows; a
man also well known to the police stole
nothing but Bibles; with another spades
were always the coveted articles; and
in two other female cases shoes and
shawls were the objects invariably mis-
appropriated by them.

—An instance of the enormous
amount of money that is made in rac-
ing is furnished by one of the tracks
near New York. It originally cost \$100,-
000, and it was capitalized at \$500,000.
This year it has already paid 3 per cent
on the \$500,000 capital. All but one of
the tracks in that neighborhood paid
heavy dividends this year, and the
rumors of a new track across the Jersey
line are rife.

—The present Russian Chancellor is a
Swede; the late Persian Ambassador in
London was a Scotchman; an Irishman
was three times Prime Minister of
Spain, and a Celt, MacMahon, was
President of France. The Russian Am-
bassador at Paris is a German, the
French Ambassador in London is an
Englishman, and the Italian Ambassa-
dor in Berlin is a Frenchman. The
chief consulting Admiral of the Turk-
ish fleet is an Englishman, as was also
the late Admiral of the fleet.

—It is a common saying that you can
judge a man by his visiting card. A
Boston rector left his cheap printed
card at the house of one of his parish-
ioners and his neatly engraved one at
another's. The houses were respectively
in unfashionable and fashionable quar-
ters of the city. But the parishioners
happened to be cousins. They met,
they compared cards—as women will—
and that rector now wonders why he is
growing in disfavor with some of his
parishioners.

—Dr. G. Wythe Cook, one of the at-
tending physicians of the late Justice
Miller in his last illness, says: "The
judge's tongue was partially paralyzed,
yet he made an effort to explain to me
his condition. I remarked to him: 'Do
not talk, judge. It is injudicious, as it
causes your blood to rush to your brain.'
As I was about to leave the room of
the dying man for the last time, he said
to me, with great effort: 'Doctor, you
are quite complimentary, for some men
talk without its affecting their brain.'"

—Buffalo Bill and his faithful cow-
boys were the heroes of South Ger-
man society. While there the great
Bill and "Buck Taylor" graced a refined
circle at Frankfurt with their presence.
The lady whom the latter gentleman,
attired in faultless evening dress, took
into dinner remarked, by way of a com-
pliment, "that it was a pity he had not
come in the picturesque costume of his
native ranch." "Madame," replied the
tail-coated cow-boy, "if you care only
for my clothes, I will send them to you
to-morrow." This he said and nothing
more.

—A Pennsylvania editor complains
that times are so hard that he can't
even collect his thoughts.—Kam's Horn.

—There are so many people in the
world who laugh all the way home and
stop as soon as they reach the door—
Atchison Globe.

—"Walter, I wish you'd bring me
some buckwheat cakes." "All right,
sir." "Will they be long?" "No, sir;
round."—Philadelphia Times.

—"I say, Mr. Dodge, your dog bit me
in the leg last Monday." "That! That
accounts for it. I knowed that that
dog didn't git sick on nothink."—Har-
per's Bazar.

—When the average man says frank-
ly, "I can't afford it," you will usually
find on investigation that it is some-
thing his wife wants, and not some-
thing that he wants himself.—Somer-
ville Journal.

—"I say, Bobby," whispered Feather-
ly, "d'd your sister say that she hoped
my trip would do me good?" "Yes, she
told me last night that if Mr. Featherly
went West she hoped he would go for
good."—Spare Moments.

—Had No Money Till Then.—
The years like endless currents flow,
And bring a change to me,
At twenty-two she told me no—
"Twas yes at thirty-three."

—N. Y. Herald.
—The Beginning.—Mamma—"Did
you have a nice time at the children's
party?" Little Ethel—"No, mamma;
it was awful dull." Mamma—"Why,
what was the matter, dear?" Little
Ethel—"Bobby Bunce didn't come."
N. Y. Weekly.

—An Insult.—Fred—"I didn't mind
Taylor's discharging me so much as I
did the insult he subsequently offered
me." Frank—"What was that?" Fred
—"He advertised for a boy to fill my
place."—Yankee Blade.

—Clerk—"Mr. Brown, I can't make
out the signature of this letter. If you
would be so good to see if you can."
Mr. B. (angrily)—"I wish you wouldn't
bother me with your business. Just
write to the man and say you can't read
his name."—Ellegende Blatter.

—"I don't know whether I ought to
speak to Miss Belle Pepperton or not,"
said Willie Washington in one of his
most disconsolate tones. "What is the
matter, old fellow?" "She asked me
why I was so silent, and I told her that
was something on my mind." "And
what did she reply?" "She said: 'Why
don't you blow it off?'"—Washington
Post.

THE HERALD

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

SATURDAY, JAN. 10, 1891

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r

PRICE \$1.25 PER ANNUM.

Mrs. D. J. McMillan is quite sick.

Mrs. Newton Townsley is on the sick list.

Harry Wilson went to Chattanooga this week.

Trains on the Little Miami change time to-morrow.

Spence Shepherd was in Dayton yesterday on business.

Do not forget Belvia Lockwood on the evening of the 26th.

George Winter contemplates another trip to Dayton, tomorrow.

Mrs. Hadasa Kyle living west of Cedarville, is recovering from a recent illness.

The meetings at Ervin & Williamson's hall, have been well attended this week.

We understand that warrants are out for the men who robbed Andrew & Bros store.

Johnnie Iliff left this week for the Sandusky Soldier's Home where he intends spending the winter.

Miss Maggie Cushing who was the guest of Mrs. Bev. Andrew last week, returned home Thursday.

Mrs. McNeil, of near Bellefontaine, visited her daughters, Misses Maggie and Fannie, this week.

Is marriage a failure? Hear what Belvia Lockwood has to say on the subject. The 26th at Opera House.

Frank Townsley, who has been confined to the house for the past four weeks, was able to be in town Thursday.

John M. Tarbox purchased the Clementine Wright property for \$800 and intends removing there in a short time.

Tom Tarbox and wife will commence house keeping in a part of the house owned by Chas. Dean, on west Church street.

Henry Townsley, who had a stroke of paralysis at his home in Springfield, about ten days since, is reported much better.

Miss Maggie Crane, of Cedarville, was the guest of Misses Hattie and Carrie Peterson, last week.—S. Charleston Sentinel.

J. W. Pollock, our new county commissioner, took the oath of office Tuesday. John Stevenson stepping down and out.

Will Smith and Spence Shepherd went to Yellow Springs last Tuesday evening to attend the opening of the new opera house.

Those who take part in the play of Albatross, are requested to meet in the G. A. R. hall this evening for the purpose of practicing.

We were obliged to turn the HERALD office into a hospital this week and as a consequence, the news columns are not as replete as we would wish.

The G. A. R. will reproduce "Albatross" at Yellow Springs next Thursday evening. The play is a good one and the Opera House at that place should be crowded that evening.

On account of quarterly meeting at Selma, there will be no preaching service at the Methodist church here Sabbath morning. All the other services will be held as usual. Preaching at night at 7 o'clock, at which time the annual revival meetings will commence. Services every night next week except Saturday. Day services in the afternoon at 2 o'clock. All are cordially invited. Come and bring your friends.

Born, to J. H. Creswell and wife, a daughter.

Leo Stewart has purchased Mr. McCorkell's interest in the dry goods firm of Stewart & McCorkell and will move the stock into the room recently remodeled by him just across the street from the old stand.

Chas. Lorillard, the tramp who plead guilty to breaking into the depot here last week, escaped from the work house Thursday evening. There were five in all who made good their escape by sawing off the iron bars of one of the windows. Lorillard made good the predictions of those who saw him here.

Mrs. Dennes Butler, a colored lady living on the farm of J. F. Harbison, died last Tuesday of consumption. The funeral took place at her late residence, Thursday at 11 o'clock, after which the body was buried in the Yellow Springs cemetery.

Simon Mills, an old soldier, recently left the Dayton (Ohio) Soldier's Home with \$2000, intending to go to Germany. After squandering his money in the Dayton saloons he cut his throat. He will probably not recover.

A letter has been published purporting to be from E. J. Turner, a republican congressman from Kansas to Frank McGrath, president of the Farmers Alliance of that state, offering \$5,000 for the United States Senatorship. The letter is pronounced a forgery by both these gentlemen.

No services in the United Presbyterian church tomorrow night, but, commencing with Monday there will be preaching every night during the week, except Saturday, at 7 p. m. by Prof. Wilbert W. White, of the Xenia Theological Seminary. All will be welcome.

R. R. Grieve is Sheriff Dodd's first deputy, his second being Henry Sprey, who will act as turnkey at the jail. D. S. Funderburgh will continue to act for Miami township and Moses Brannum will probably be the deputy for Bath township. Sheriff Dodd has made excellent selections.

About three weeks ago, J. W. Pollock brought a couple of thoroughbred calves at a sale in Kentucky and they were shipped here at once. By some means they were lost and Mr. Pollock went on the hunt of them this week, finding them at Cincinnati. Bev. Andrew was a partner in the purchase.

Travellers may learn a lesson from Mr. C. D. Cone, a prominent attorney of Parker, Dakota, who says: "I never leave home without taking a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with me, and on many occasions have ran with it to the relief of some sufferer and have never known it to fail. For sale by B. G. RIDGWAY.

Cam. Dean of Jamestown, was in Cedarville this week and while here paid Mrs. Gertrude Fields \$1000, life insurance, which her husband had taken in the Union Central only a few months before his fatal sickness, and which his friends knew nothing of. Mr. Dean was glad to be able to pay the amount so promptly.

M. J. Harris, who spent several weeks in Cedarville during last summer, has written to his former partner E. E. Murdock, that he has just completed a \$5,000 sale of Wood's Automatic Washing Machines to Ramsey & Halins at Richfield, Ill. That firm has been handling these goods for the past two years and are now enlarging their business.

Friday of last week was the forty-first anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Williamson and in honor of the event their children together with their wives and husbands congregated at their home with well filled baskets, and every member of the family was present to enjoy a superb banquet. The gathering was in the nature of a surprise, but Mr. Williamson was equal to the occasion and shortly after all were seated at the table, he arose and had a crisp five dollar bill at the plate of each.

HERE IS YOUR CHANCE

Our entire stock of winter Clothing, Boots and Shoes to be closed out in 30 days. We will pay no attention to COSTS but will sell everything at about 1/2 the former price.

Mens fine dress suits	\$9.00	Former price	\$15.00
Mens Business Suits	\$5.00	Former price	\$9.00
Mens pants the largest assortment ever kept in town and just one-half price.			
One line Mens fine dress pants @	\$1.75	Worth	\$3.50

Boots & Shoes.

Mens fine calf dress shoes	\$2.00	Former price	\$3.00
Mens Flexible sole calf shoes	\$3.00	Former price	\$5.00
Mens fine Congress dress shoes	\$1.25	Former price	\$2.50

All the above goods are special bargains to close out. Call in, and if you don't buy from us you will see how much cheaper we sell than other stores.

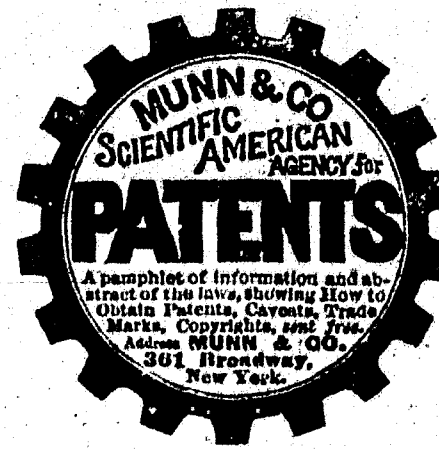
J. E. LOWRY.

NOW

Is your time. We will close out our

HEATING STOVES

AT COST. Crouse & Bull.



Wm. Shrodes and wife of Virginia, are the guests of friends in Cedarville.

Who does not want to see and hear Belvia Lockwood, the only lady who has ever been honored by a political party with the nomination for the presidency of the United States. She speaks in the Opera House, Cedarville, on the evening of the 26th.

The Nebraska legislature is having a monkey and parrot time. The republicans and democrats have combined against the alliance members, and fist fights are indulged in frequently. There is prospect that the legislature will unseat every one of the new officers, and matters have been further complicated by Governor Thayer informing Governor-elect Boyd that he would not give up the office on the ground that Boyd is not a citizen of the United States, and is therefore not eligible.

Marriage licenses—Nathan F Devoe and Rosa E Tanager; Henry Kelley and Jessie Harding; B Frank Coy and Laura E Davis; Leoti Hargrave and Hester Fannon; John M Knox and Della Hopkins; John L Harner and Delilah Harverstick; Amos Jenkins and Manerey E Fawcett; Frank Stewart and Mary J Bales; James P Zell and Mary A Alexander; Chas McKinney and Mary A Nichols; Utah S Jackson and Manerva A Sidensticker; Chas Foreythe and Martha Miller; Joel B Littleton and Amy P Carr; Daniel A Jones and Lillie Marsh; Edward Ware and Dora Brock; James Winn and Lucetta Scott; Geo E Spencer and Addie T Files; William H Harner and Mary L. Churleton.

Mrs. Fred Smith, of Xenia, is visiting her mother, Mrs. S. G. Barber.

OUR NEW SERIAL

Avenge at Last!

— OR —

A WORLD-WIDE CHASE.

A Story of Retribution.



The story is one that will hold the interest of the reader from the very beginning. The plot is well sustained throughout, there are many dramatic incidents, and the story is, in all respects, up to a very high standard of excellence.



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VOL. 11



Have

Dr. Winte

Mr. George nooga, Teun Mr. Wesley

The HERA in each schoo Call and get

Marriage f and Ollie E and Clara K

We want a subscriptions pay a salary at once.

Crandall's great bargain underwear for heavy goods.

'Squire Ga will soon be al duties. I tracted one, be glad to leed his health

The Ceda running at management chinery, and new wheat c is now work & Ervin are business har

Mr. Robe ford, two of tial citizens having com have not he the Shaw, b hoofing was them.—Xe

Prof. W rry, has bee church here and the ser tended by nation. P and his aud sented then

The prot E. church, of the ve Tufis is an his purpose ed revival They will a week at lea

The deat Hirst, of Y 12 o'clock had been spial treat taking off in the com about 43 y Mayor and and was al